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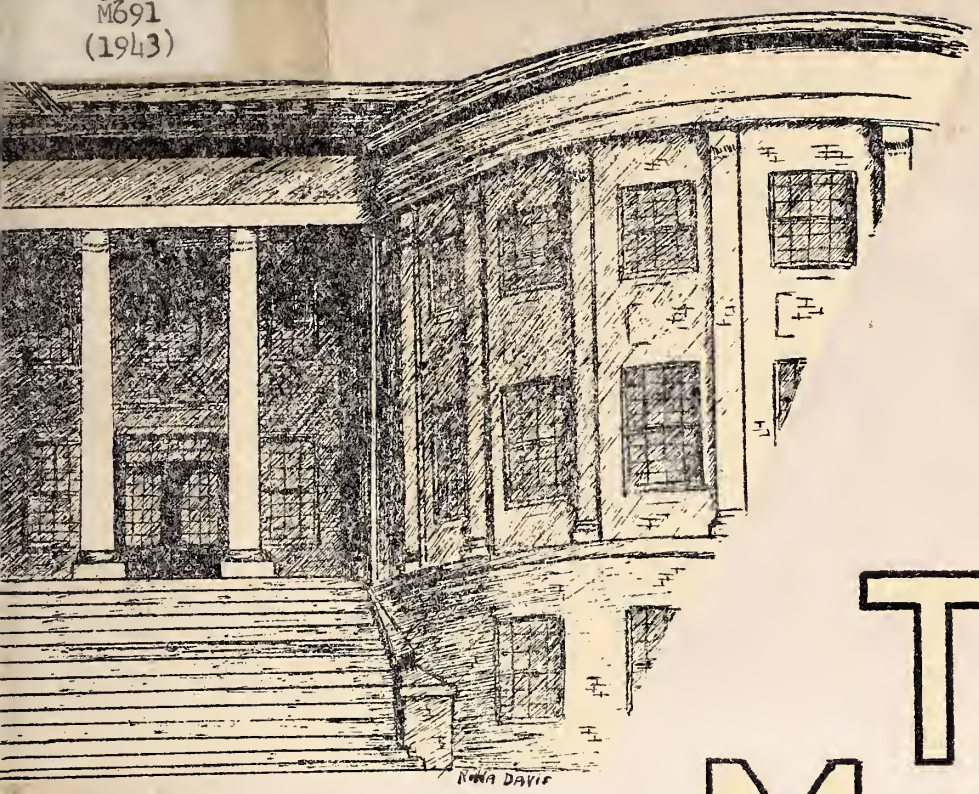

THE MISSILE

MAY 1943

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THE MISSILE

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THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXXI PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1943 No. 1

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11/5/74

"The Missile"

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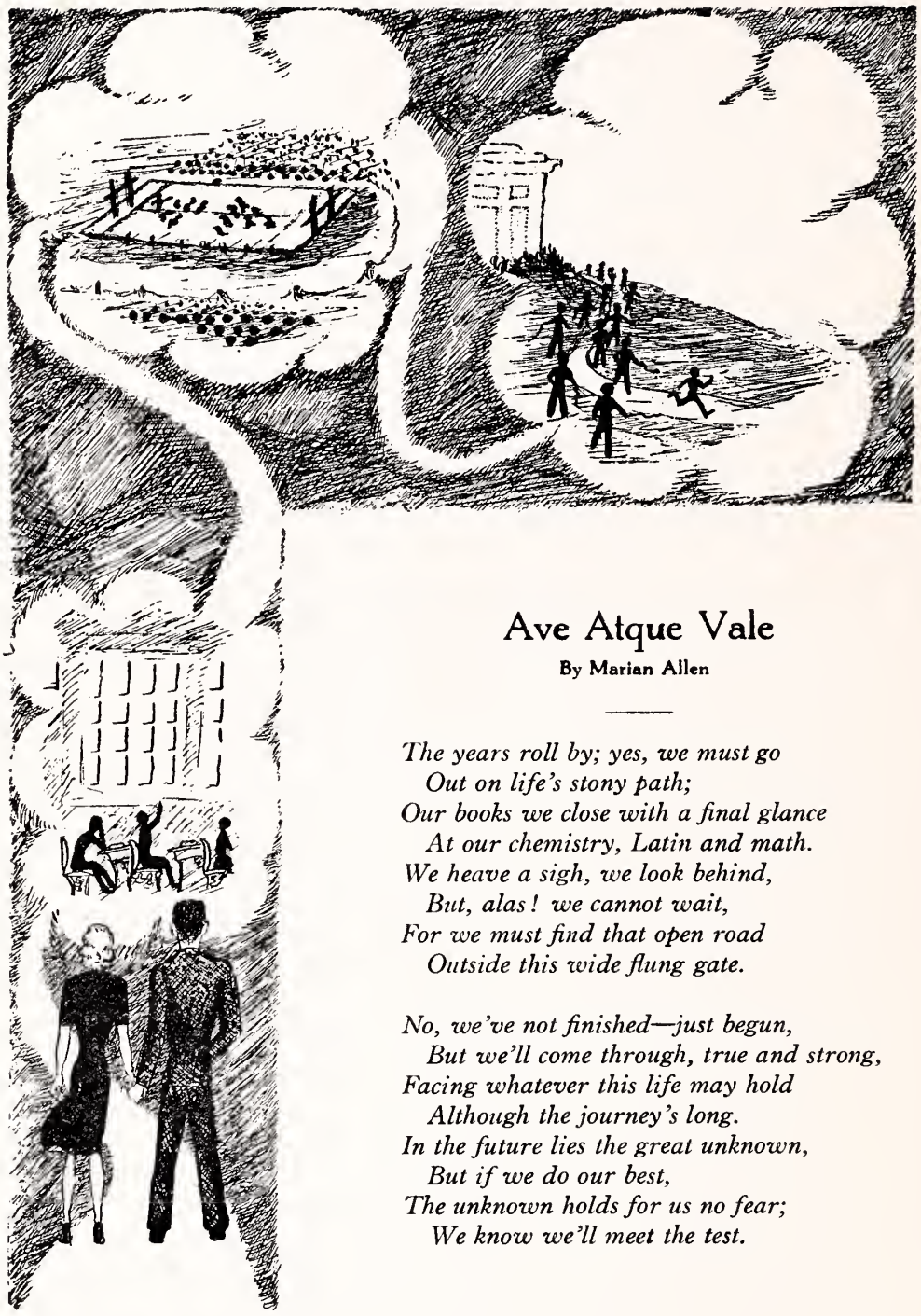


Ave Atque Vale

By Marian Allen

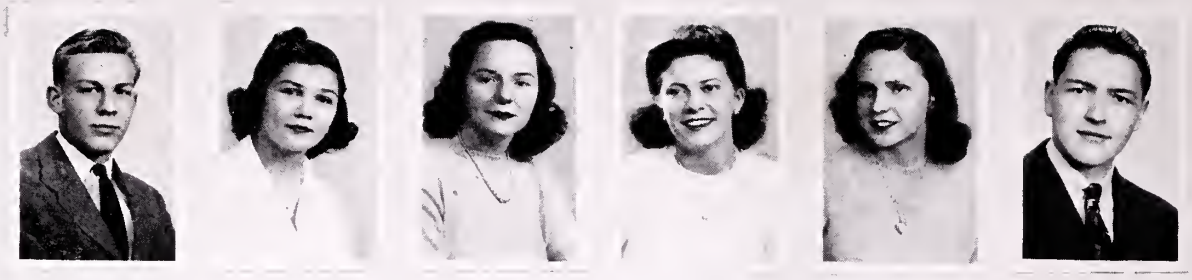
The years roll by; yes, we must go
Out on life's stony path;
Our books we close with a final glance
At our chemistry, Latin and math.
We heave a sigh, we look behind,
But, alas! we cannot wait,
For we must find that open road
Outside this wide flung gate.

No, we've not finished—just begun,
But we'll come through, true and strong,
Facing whatever this life may hold
Although the journey's long.
In the future lies the great unknown,
But if we do our best,
The unknown holds for us no fear;
We know we'll meet the test.

Petersburg High School

Senior Pictures
Organizations

1943



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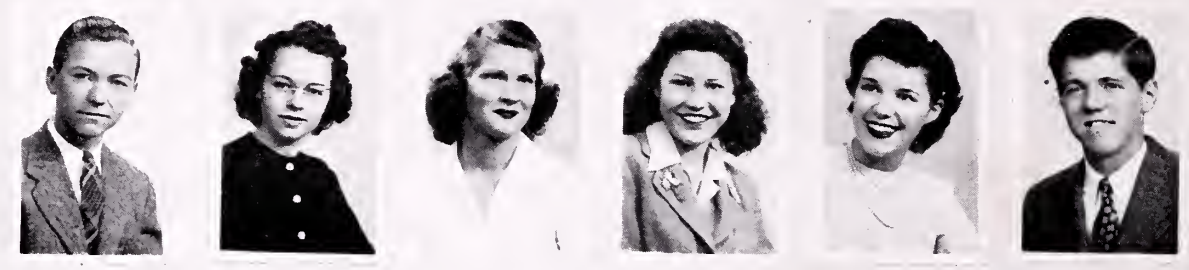

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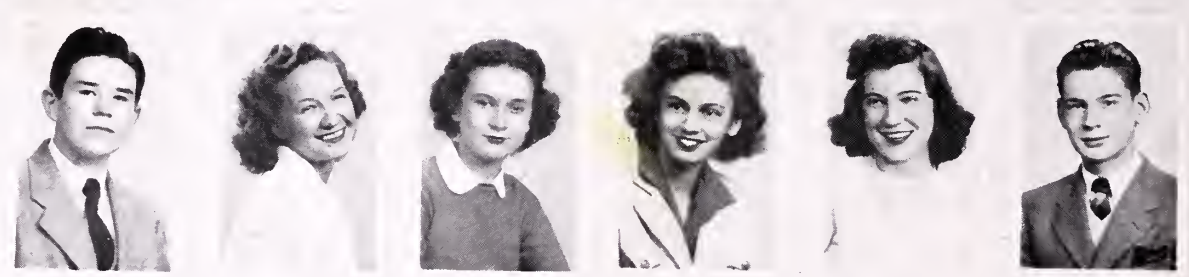

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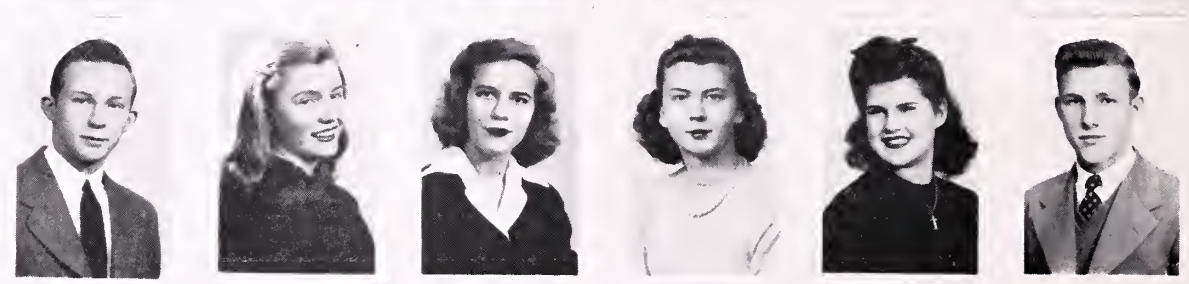

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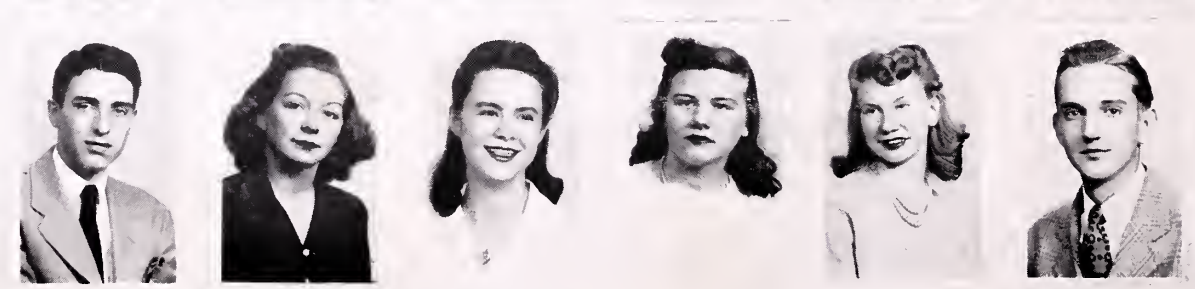

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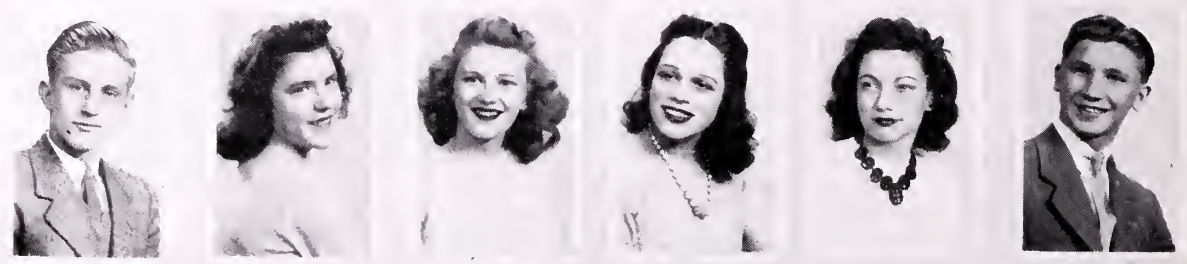

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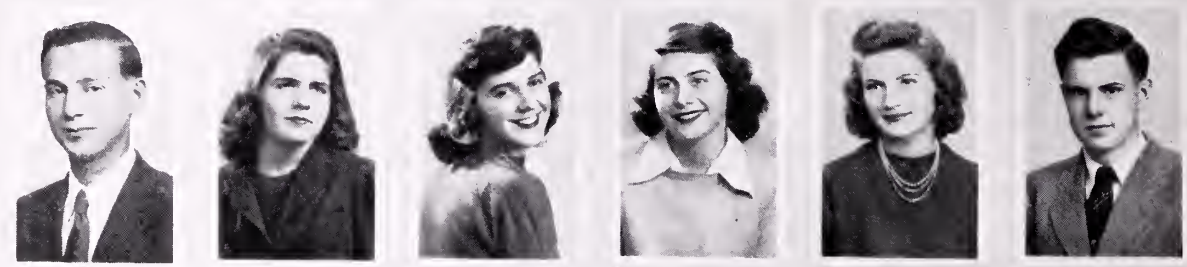

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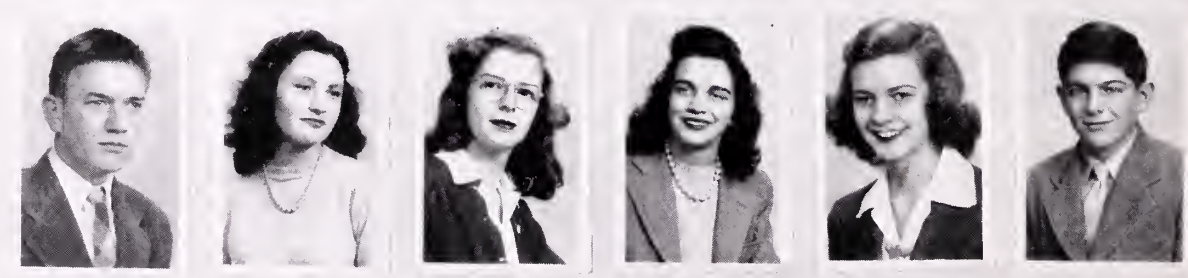

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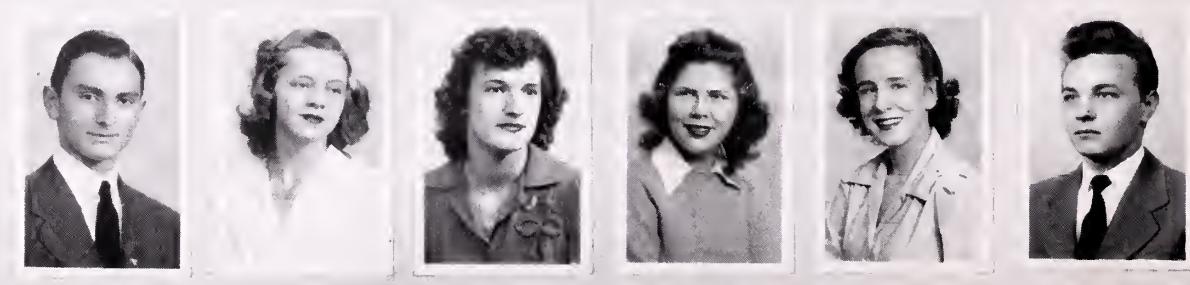

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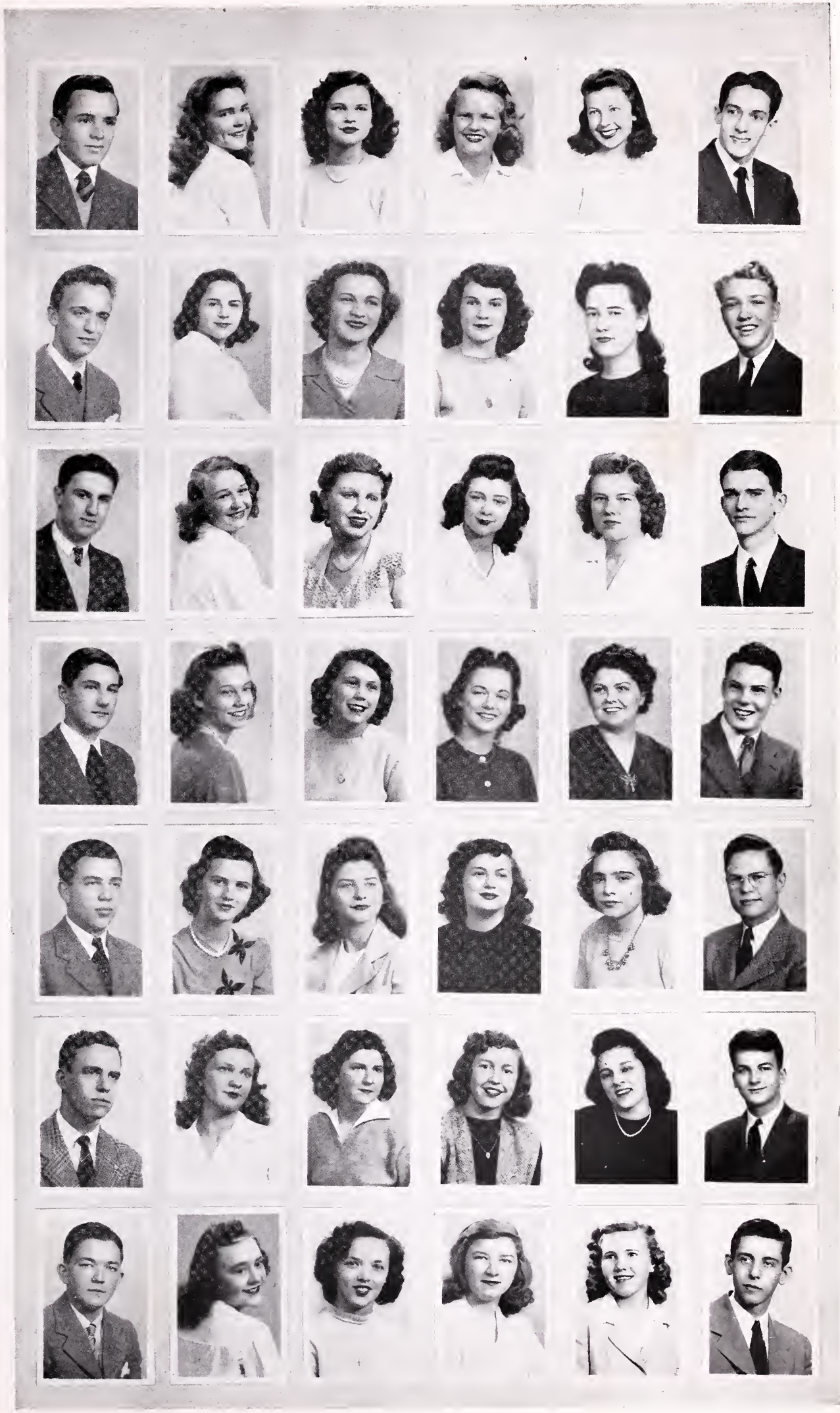

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Who's WHO
FEBRUARY CLASS '43
PEN SCRATCHING BY HUGH SEAY
WHAT'S COOKIN', GOOD LOOKIN'?
BIGGEST BOY FLIRT
BILL TRIGG
SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD THAT LINE BEFORE--
DOT DAY
BIGGEST GIRL FLIRT
YOO-HOO, SUPERMAN!
PRETTIEST GIRL
JEAN ROBINSON
(BELOW)
BEST LOOKING BOY
COL BURGWYN
(BELOW)
"THEM WHICH HAS BRAINS"
NANCY KAUFFMAN - ARTHUR FOUSSEKIS
DAVID SAUNDERS
BETSY MORRIS
BEST ALL-ROUND BOY AND GIRL
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN--
HERE, KITTY. HE CAN PROBABLY UNDERSTAND SEMAPHORE BETTER!
?
DIPPIEST GAL - KITTY PARHAM
DIPPIEST BOY NAT BURGWYN
BEST ATHLETES
JANE HARTMAN
BILLY JOLLY

WHO'S WHO
JUNE CLASS
1943
DRAWING by HUGH SEAY
SAY, WHAT'S HE SO UP IN THE AIR ABOUT?
BUY WAR STAMPS REGULARLY!
IT'S A BRAINY THING TO DO!
GOOFIEST BOY & GIRL
PAT GILLIAM and BETTY MINETREE
ARE YOU NUTS, BUB?
AERO NAUTICS
David Lewis AND Mary Ellen Baxter BRAINIEST
HEY! THIS IS A FRAME-UP!
DICK WILSON
Marie Nash
BEST ALL-ROUND GIRL AND BOY
BEST LOOKING BOY
PRESTON McILWAINE
HELLO BIG BOY!
HOWWWWW ARE YA, SUGAR?
BIGGEST FLIRTS
WILLIAM (WOLF?) PEGRAM
LILLIAS PLUMMER
NELLIE SMITH
BEST ATHLETES
WALLACE CASH
PRETTIEST GIRL
BETTY HARVILLE
P.H.S.
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Sarah Biggs
Geraldine Spratley
Jane Reade
Ann Hubbard

Beginning at top of G and reading counter--clockwise:

Audrey Hafer
Betty Harville
Janet Mann
Barbara Pamplin
Jean Beekhuis
Ann Robinson
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Louise Halbert
Carolyn Day

Extreme right:

Miss Jane Gale

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Nancy Gill

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Martha Wells
Rosa Rogerson
Ann McKenney
Anne Snead

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Betty Harville

Sixth Row:
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Kitty Parham
Christine Shepherd
Jean Mahone

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Ann Robinson
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Faith Davis
Mary Clair Crowder
Jean Hodo

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Miss Nancy Snead
Betty Snead
Ann Hinton
Helen Powers
Miriam Spain
Ann Hubbard

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Bobby Skalak
Jane Temple
Casper Kidd
Dick Wilson
Dorothy Lynn
Nelson Eanes

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Page Literary Society

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Treasurer	Alex Mason
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Mercer Melvin
Fredie Ide
Preston McIlwaine

Fifth Row:
Carl Pirkle
Bill Gallilee
Ben Smith
Nelson Eanes
Bill Harville

Sixth Row:
Ben Booth
Jimmy Ricketts
Dick Zaruba
Bobby Churn
Pat Gilliam
Bill Boswell
Cyrus Ridenour
Bolling Chappell

Not in picture: V. J. Coberly, Herman Tyler.

President	Howard Dunnavant
Student Director	Curtis Snead
Librarian	Dolores Duck
Director	Mr. Ralph Stronach
Sergeants	David Payne
	Herbert Cagle
	Mary Ellen Baxter
	George Rae Partin
	Preston Wilson
	Ardenia Miffleton

First Row:
Jane Widdop

Second Row:
Preston Wilson
Doris Ramsey
Dolores Duck
Howard Dunnavant
John Howerton
Eugene Savedge

Third Row:
Ardenia Miffleton
Sarah F. Powers
Murray Shapiro
Rodney Perkins
Thomas Neaves
Mary Ellen Baxter

Fourth Row:
Beverley Lewis
Carolyn Hedrick
Jerry Bradley
Ray Davenport
Morris Brooks
David Payne

Fifth Row:
Donald Lea
Ben Booth
Jimmy Freeman
Ralph Clements
Harold Couch
Mr. Ralph Stronach

Sixth Row:
George Ray Partin
Nelson Hinman
Herbert Cagle
Frank Bryant
Ray Thacker
Curtis Snead

Not in picture: Bernard Swann, William Ellis, Ralph Small, William Woolfalk, William Pedneau, Joe Owens, Marjorie Ann Tucker, Grace Jones, Rex Sater.

Band

Cheer Leaders

Head Cheer Leader ..... Kitty Parham
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. H. S. Holmes

First Row:
Kitty Parham

Second Row:
Mary Jane McKenney
Cyrus Kirkpatrick
Clare Donahue
Frank McKenney
Elise Strickland
Jimmy Dooley

Third Row:
Ellen Veazey
Preston Tench
Georgeanne Lewis
Bill Boswell
Edlynn Welch

Not in picture: Deena White, Jane Hartman.

Captain ..... Dick Wilson
Coach ..... Mr. R. C. Day

First Row:

Paul Denson
Earl Tucker
William Pegram
Dick Wilson
Joe Parker
Wallace Cash
Randy Mallory

Second Row:

Dick Bowman
Nelson Eanes
Walter Bowman
Bobby Churn
Frank Scott
Walter Burge

Boys' Basketball Team

Football Team

Captain ..... Vernon Bryant
Coach ..... Mr. R. C. Day

First Row:
Billy Gill
Nat Collier
Harvey Thornton
Casper Kidd
Robert James
Vernon Bryant
Harley Caldwell
Wallace Cash
Frank Teass
Oscar Wood
Pete Gorman

Second Row:
Everett Kitchen
Preston McIlwaine
Jack King
Billy Jolly
William Stone
Jimmy Collier
Michael Mariniak
Bennie Lum
V. J. Coberly
Robert Floyd
Ellis Smith

Third Row:
Frank Woodruff
Paul Denson
Bolling Chappell
William Trigg
Leroy Hargrave
Bill Gallilee
Dick Zaruba
Alex Mason
Buck Wright
Earl Tucker

Fourth Row:
Walter Burge
Randy Mallory
Eugene Tench
Bobby Skalak
Heath Parsons
Eldon Kitchen
Billy Rinker

Manager ---------- Jewell Mann
Captain ---------- Geraldine Porter
Coach ---------- Mrs. Bernard Syme

Left to Right:

Ann Pond
Mildred Britt
Linda Davis
Nellie Smith
Geraldine Colgin
Jane Eanes
Betty Snead
Barbara Pamplin
Jean Moran
Martha Robinson
Louise Elder

Not in picture: Geraldine Porter, Betty Minetree, Laura Dance, Jewell Mann, Christine Slaughter, Charlotte Tench, Pasco Keen, Dorothy Emory, Sylvia Mallory.

Hockey Team

Girls' Basketball Team

Manager ---------- Betty Snead
Co-Captains ---------- Geraldine Colgin
Jane Hartman
Coach ---------- Mrs. Letitia Gwyn

Extreme Left:
Betty Snead

Extreme Right:
Mrs. Letitia Gwyn

First Row:
Jane Eanes
Linda Davis
Geraldine Colgin
Frances Wills
Nellie Smith

Second Row:
Barbara Gould
Ann Pond
Doris Harvell
Elizabeth Butler
Barbara Pamplin
Louise Elder

Third Row:
Theresa Nester
Dolly Elliott
Irma Blacker

Not in picture: Jane Hartman, Geraldine Porter, Nancy Kauffman.

Voices

By Anne McKenney

West Wind

"Tell me," she cried to the West Wind,
"Will I see him at the dawn?"
But the wind that cried to the night tide,
Sobbed and cried to the night tide,
Whispered, "He is gone."

"But why did he leave me, O West Wind,
And hasten to meet the foe?
Where is he now?" The wind sobbed,
Wailed and moaned as it sobbed out,
"Where our heroes go."

"He is dead!" she shrieked in her anguish,
But the wind shut out her cry
And called to her out of the darkness,
The deep dark depths of the darkness,
"Heroes never die."

Winds

The winds that live in the tree tops
Are shrieking to the night,
And filling my heart with yearning
Once more to see the light.

They chatter and scream in the darkness,
They fill my soul with dread,
They mutter and cry and sob out
To the starless night o'erhead.

But the morning wind comes gently,
Borne on the wings of day;
She seizes the threatening shadows
And sweeps them all away.

The Bells

By Mary Edwards

The bell is tolling, tolling out
Across the fields, across the fields;
To peal to everyone about,
To death one yields, to death one yields.

The bell is ringing sweet and clear,
Soft fades the day, soft fades the day;
Silently come to worship here,
To come to pray, to come to pray.

Melodious notes disturb the day;
They fill the air, they fill the air;
They, marriage bells, are tinkling gay,
To love and care, to love and care.

The Hanging of a Hero

By Alvin Cohen

"RANSACK, WISCONSIN—2 miles," read the sign post. Hugh Dunit pressed the accelerator and sped on. Ten minutes later he sighted the quiet little town mentioned on the sign. The town hall clock struck two as he crossed the city limits. The town being small, Mr. Dunit didn't have much trouble in finding a restaurant on the main street.

"Guess I'll have something to eat here," he thought, "before I go on to Oregon."

A half-hour later he came out of the restaurant, with a broad smile and a satisfied look on his face.

"Now for a look at the town, and then I'm off again," he said to himself.

His drive through the town led Mr. Dunit eventually to the town hall, where a large crowd of people had gathered and seemed to be having some sort of meeting. Mr. Dunit noticed one fellow walking amongst the groups of people, evidently adding his opinion to those of the other people. After eying him for several seconds, Mr. Dunit got out of his car and approached him. The man was a tall, thin fellow, with a sunburn that indicated that he worked a great deal in the open air. His black hair glistened in the sun. He wore a checkered shirt, open at the neck and tucked in a shabby pair of trousers.

"Afternoon," greeted Mr. Dunit.

"Afternoon," returned the man. "You a stranger here?"

"Yep, I'm just passing through on my way to Oregon, and I noticed the crowd here. What's up?"

"Just had a meeting in the town hall."

"It must have been an important one, judging from the size of the crowd," said Mr. Dunit.

"It was," answered the man. "If I didn't have to hurry home now, I'd tell you about it."

"Maybe you can tell me anyway. My name's Hugh Dunit. Suppose you tell me about it while I drive you home. I have an hour or so to spare before going on."

"Well, that's mighty decent of you, Mr. Dunit. I'm John Knee."

Hugh Dunit and John Knee walked over to the former's car and got in.

"Which way?" asked Mr. Dunit.

"Turn left at the next corner and then go straight until I tell you where to turn," directed Mr. Knee.

Hugh Dunit stepped on the starter and sat back to listen to the story John Knee was beginning to tell.

"The meeting today," began Mr. Knee, "concerned a young man named Larry Straiter. Larry's known to nearly everyone here in town. Well, a few weeks after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Larry joined the air corps. He's been crazy about flying ever since he was a kid and used to build model airplanes and collect pictures of them. And he's a great flyer, too. But to get back to the story. Larry showed his true colors as soon as he got into the fighting. Why, in his first flight he shot down three enemy planes and came back without a scratch.

"But the reason for this meeting today was what he did a few nights ago. That's what made us decide to hang him."

"Hang him?" asked Mr. Dunit in amazement.

"Turn right at this corner," directed Mr. Knee. "Yes, we've decided to hang Larry. When a fellow does what he did that night, he deserves to be hung.

"About ten o'clock that night, he was ordered into the air with about a dozen other planes on a night raid. He didn't know where he was going until the last minute. The planes took off and headed toward their goal. Larry's plane got lost from the rest somehow. Well, the planes came back after the raid, but Larry wasn't with them. Early the next morning he landed his plane at his base. From the looks of him and the plane, you'd think he had fought the whole Jap air force, and he had an interesting story to tell.

"It seems that his squadron ran into a thick fog and the pilots had to fly by instruments. Larry's instruments must not have been working well, because he soon found out he was flying alone—that the other planes were nowhere near him. Well, sir, you can imagine how he felt—flying in a fog in pitch darkness with instruments that weren't working."

"The first thing he thought of was the radio. He started to switch

it on to find his position when he saw, through the fog, lights below him and heard the drone of motors. And then he found out where he was. A hail of bullets ripped into his left wing and a Jap Zero crossed his path. He had run into a Japanese air base!

"Well, Larry knew that his chances of getting back alive were one in a million, but he thought to himself, 'If I go, I'll take plenty of those Japs with me.' Already searchlights were trying to catch Larry's plane in their beams. And then the fight began—a dozen Zeros against Larry Straiter. How he got out of that alive is beyond me, but he did. And not only that. He sent half of those Jap planes where they won't bother anyone again."

"You mean he wasn't hurt?" asked Mr. Dunit.

"Oh, sure. He finally got back the morning after the fight. He was smiling when he stepped out of his plane, even though his arm was bleeding from a wound where a bullet had hit him. He was limping, too. But that didn't seem to bother him. The first thing he did when he saw the other boys was to point to his bullet-riddled plane and tell them what happened. Well, that's the story and that's why we're going to hang him. He'll be coming home this evening. Stop in front of this house. Thanks, Mr. Dunit. So long and good luck on your trip."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Knee." Mr. Dunit was speaking now. "Tell me one thing. If you people like Larry so much, what's all this talk about hanging him?"

"We're hanging him because we **do** like him," answered Mr. Knee. "It's sort of a tradition here. When we want to remember anyone of our people for any special reason, we hang his picture in the town hall. Tonight we're hanging Larry's."

A smile appeared on Mr. Dunit's face. "So long and thanks for the story, Mr. Knee," he said laughing.

"So long, Mr. Dunit," called Mr. Knee after him.

Hugh Dunit stepped on the accelerator and drove away.

The Bumble-Bee and the Butterfly

By Phyllis Boswell

Darting and turning he buzzes along;
Swishing and swirling he buzzes a song;
Twisting and flitting he flies down the lane,
Winging, careening, like someone insane.
His zooming and twisting are something to see,
The flight of this boisterous bumble-bee.

Flutt'ring her wings through cerulean skies,
Unfettered, she carelessly, gracefully flies,
Flapping, content in satiety;
Flying the skies with propriety;
Glistening, colorful, catching the eye;
This is the flight of a butterfly.

A hollyhock stands majestic and straight
In the midst of the meadow at evening late.
The bumble-bee, wearied, comes to the flower.
The butterfly flies to this butterfly bower.
And thus ends the bumble-bee's flight on high.
And thus ends the flight of the butterfly.

Experience

By Betty Scherr

A lone pine on a mountain top is a stately old woman.
She has seen from her lofty view of experience
The generations pass beneath,
Exulting in inane pleasures,
Fretting over shallow trifles,
But fighting for justice
And loving one another.

She communes with God,
And so she stands on high.
For she shares His secret
That the glorious world beneath
Will continue throughout the ages
To fret, and laugh, and love.

H. D. Wolff, Principal, 1913-1942

By Edith Sanford

WHEN one starts out to trace the history and growth of Petersburg High School, he comes across the name of Mr. H. D. Wolff. This man and the growth of Petersburg High School go hand in hand and are as inseparable as progress and democracy.

Mr. Wolff received the B. A. and M. A. degrees from the University of Virginia, and he attended Columbia University for two summer sessions. Before coming to Petersburg High School in 1909, Mr. Wolff had taught at King's Mountain Military Academy in York, South Carolina; then he became principal of Berryville High School, at Berryville, Virginia. Upon leaving Berryville High School, Mr. Wolff came to Petersbury where he was associated for two years with Mr. Arrington of Hall and Arrington, a private school.

When Mr. Wolff became principal in 1913, the school's enrollment was approximately three hundred and eighty which included the seventh grade students. In 1927, the school had an enrollment of eleven hundred, and at this time, the school was divided into the Bolling Junior High School and the Petersburg High School. This division left the high school with only five hundred pupils. Under Mr. Wolff's leadership the school had very sure growth, and at the time of his resignation in 1942, the enrollment of Petersburg High School was over a thousand pupils which included only the ninth, tenth, and eleventh grades.

The patience, the understanding of the problems of high school boys and girls, the quiet authority, and the many other fine traits of this gentleman made him an ideal leader.

With persistence, Mr. Wolff led the students and faculty of Petersburg High School in its effort to attain high scholastic standards. And under his leadership the school attained and has maintained high scholastic standards recognized throughout the South.

In the spring of 1911, the High School left the building on Union Street, where the Y. M. C. A. now stands, and moved into the Anderson School which stood where the auditorium of the present building stands. Mr. Wolff recalls how the new High School was built around the old Anderson school. In 1918, the High School moved into the new building, and after the Anderson School was torn down, the auditorium to the new building was added. About four years ago, an annex was added to the school. These

new buildings were needed to keep up with the improving standards and the growing student body.

Mr. Wolff served as treasuer of the Virginia Educational Association for eleven years, and he was a member of the executive board. In recognition of his long and faithful service with the State association, the Virginia Educational Association presented Mr. Wolff a life membership in the National Education Association. Mr. Wolff served as a member of the Commission on Higher Institutions of Learning of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges.

Mr. Wolff has seen thousands of boys and girls graduate from Petersburg High School. Each of these thousands will always remember and respect him, for under his influence, they have learned to appreciate the true meaning of good citizenship and of clean living.

Mr. Wolff came to Petersburg High School as head of the math department. After four years, Mr. Wolff became principal upon the resignation of Mr. W. R. Smithey.

Faithfully, each year Mr. Wolff would spend a great part of the summer teaching Latin and math in summer school.

The tireless way in which Mr. Wolff goes after the most minute details is one of the things admired by his fellow workers. His willingness to help, especially in helping graduates obtain certificates necessary for college entrance, has won this man an endless chain of friends.

With the war came the need of rationing; with rationing came the need for a dependable, efficient man. Once more Mr. Wolff is serving others. Mr. Wolff is chief clerk of the Petersburg Ration Board. Mr. Leon Henderson's definition of a sissy, "One who quits his job with the Ration Board to become a Commando," gives a perfect picture of the never-ending work of Mr. Wolff's position.

Loved and held in high respect by the teachers and students of the High School, Mr. Wolff also has the love and respect of the citizens of Petersburg.

The name of Mr. H. D. Wolff and all that it stands for will always be a part of the Petersburg High School.

Songs of Victory

The Freedom Call

By Phyllis Boswell

I hear a distant booming, a low forboding zooming.
There's a rumble and a grumble in my ear,
A sonorous, steady droning in palpitating tones.
It's the battle-call for freedom ringing clear.

I hear a factory whistle in a screeching, shrilling shriek,
And vibrations with a stern, vindictive roar.
The clashing and the crashing resounds around the world.
This is a call for freedom ever more.

I see uplifted faces and a thousand quickened paces
As the people rush to meet this freedom call.
I hear those sounds translated by those silent, lifted faces—
We will ever stand united one and all.

The Living Dead

By Osie Jernigan

A salute to all the brave and true who fought
And fighting died that we may live a life
So free and keep our land so dearly bought
Secure from all the tyrants' wars and strife.
But silently sighs the wand'ring wind o'er graves
Of those who fought for life; the iron hand
Of fickle fate gives aid to evil knaves
And buries our sons who love their God and land
On distant shores, silent, unsung, and cold,
Each clasping the hand of freedom near his heart
But gone before he finds that precious goal—
Dead! On life's great stage he's done his part.
These dead still live, their spirit fighting still
That man may be free, and some day—soon—he will.

A New Fight

By Annette Magid

They were gathered around, all agape and agog,
For a pilot was reading aloud from his log,

Of the planes that attacked and blasted the ship,
Then left it in flames to continue its trip.

To the guns, to the planes ran the men, unafraid,
Spit of fire, bit of flame, a plane reels, a hit made!
Here are men, fired with courage and fearless of harm,
All aware of their charge, no distress, no alarm.

Thus, a mighty fortress plows on to her goal,
On a mission of glory, a thing with a soul.
Away from their homes, on a strange, far flung shore,
Men are here for their country, the land they adore.

For Victory

By Lois Allen

It is the bugler's duty to arouse the sleepy head,
So he blows with notes that echo clear and true.
It takes a more persuasive note to get some out of bed
Reminding of their duty to the red, white and blue,
To march that road to victory that our forefathers led.

Not only in the army camps, but in the factories too,
Does the whistle blow to start the day off right.
Now each sounding of the whistle starts another shift anew,
And all the workers of defense are pulling in the fight.
The machinery has no right to stop until the job is through.

Song of a Machine

By Mary Edwards

Pat-ti-tat, clang, clang,
Loudly sounds my whir and whang,
As I cut, as I drill,
Working with a mighty will.

Racing time, day and night,
Deep into the steel I bite.
Faster ever I must work,
Not a minute must I shirk.

I will build the planes and tanks,
Stout and strong for fighting Yanks,
Bringing peace, righting wrong,
Singing loud my victory song.

The Storm and I

By Jean Robinson

THE once bright, fleecy clouds hovering above in the sky are gradually darkening in color. One can easily see a storm is in the making. The clouds steadily continue to become larger, filled with the grave blackness, and no longer can the illustrious sun be seen. Maintaining this gloomy atmosphere for several minutes, one is now doubtful as to whether the storm will pass over or begin. Then all at once in the distance a sharp streak of lightning is observed, followed by a turbulent crash of thunder. No longer is there any doubt. I'm sure many wished it had passed on, but I, myself, am fascinated and thrilled at the very first symptoms, such a weird and mysterious phenomenon. Almost simultaneous with the thunder and lightning, the winds begin to whisk across the lands. This gradually develops into a fierce gale bending the trees nearly to the earth and chopping off bits of branches, which are swept along the ground. Standing in the midst of all this, which I very often do, I am chilled to the bone. Such an eerie sensation it produces, more so than any mystery book which has ever been in my possession.

Another burst of thunder, a dart of lightning; then finally the rain comes. First in small, far-between drops, then it is sent forth profusely, battering to the earth the branches, already fallen by the wind and beating on the window panes in a quick, stacatto rhythm. Having come inside, out of the rain and looking through, it seems only like an unusually heavy mist, the rain drops being so close together. The lightning again flashes through and as a beast in its cage, the thunder vociferates violently, seeming clamorous enough to make the earth tremble.

Immediately afterward as gradually as it had come, the storm leaves, much to my sorrow. The rain thins down to a few minute drops. The wind, which had been in such a turmoil, slackens to a mild breeze and gently blows the dusty clouds apart so that patches of blue can be seen. The thunder, gradually dying away, sounds like distant cannons. This is the quiet calm after the storm. Everything so quiet, just as before, and if you raise your head and look up into the now azure sky, you can once more see the brilliant face of the sun, beaming with its return.

Whimsies

By Jean Robinson

Garden Ballet

'Tis towards the garden I wander this day
To witness a gorgeous and sprightly ballet.
The "Dance de Jardin" is about to begin
When the fairy-like flowers come capering in.

The tall, stately lords in their fancy red suits
Are bowing to sweet peas as birds play the flutes;
Then as the tune becomes light and so gay
The sunflower maids do their part for the day.

The wind, in its music, makes rhythm sublime
By which ballerinas dance one at a time;
At last the finale, and daisies all bring
Their song with a smile and a welcome to spring.

A Lump of Coal

A blazing lump of coal could be
Compared to popularity;
When once alit, it shines alone
Above all other things we've known;
Then gradually it fades away
To ashes, remnants of yesterday.

Free Joe in "The Other World"

By David Lewis

"HOW 'bout a story?" begged a little Cherub as she playfully tugged on the old Archangel's robe.

"Yeah, we want a story," chimed in all the other Cherubs in the neighborhood. This Archangel was famous for his story telling, and the Cherubs just loved to listen to him.

"Well," he answered, "if you promise to be good, I'll tell you the story of 'Free Joe'."

"Oh, you done tole us dat one," interrupted a plump little Cherub.

"All right, Nootzie," the Archangel came back at her, "if you 'member it so well, jest you summerize dat story fo' me."

Not the least bit taken back, Nootzie began her summarization. "Dis yere man named Free Joe, he done had a wife what had de name of Lucindy. Dey was right happy. Joe was a freed negro, but Lucindy was a slave. When Judge Wellington, de man what owned Lucindy, died, Lucindy become de prop'ty of a mean ole man. Dis yere man was called 'Ole Spite', 'cause he was really mean an' nasty. Why, he woulden' even let Free Joe visit his wife. Joe had a dog named Dan, what made it possible for Joe an' Lucindy to see each odder, nebberdeless. When dat 'Old Spite' heard 'bout it, he was awful mad. He jus' biled ovah! He right away took Lucindy in his kyart an' sole her away. Now Joe, he didn't know nuthin' 'bout it. Nex' time he wen' see Lucindy she weren't dere. He waited an' waited, but she never showed up. So he up an' died. Dat's all."

"Well, yo sho' have a good memory," remarked the Archangel. "But I jest bet you ain't heerd my conclusion to dat story, is you?" Nootzie agreed she hadn't, and the old Archangel began his story.

"Dis Free Joe come straight to Hebben when he died, 'cause he was sech a good man. He came to be a great favorite up heah, an' even de Lawd took a liken to him. Wid all dat 'tention, however, Joe was still unhappy. He missed Lucindy, an' he jus' couldn't settle down an' wait fo' her. He

was fearin' dat somethin' was goin' to happen to his 'widdow' an' he jest couldn't get his mine off of her. Still, worryin' didn't do no good. Joe felt like he jest had to speak wif Lucindy, but he knew he couldn't do dat. Rules is rules. You jest cain't step up an' break all precedent. Seein' dat nothin' could be done diden do much to help matters either. Joe jest naturally wuk hisself into a lather. He wan't eatin' or sleepin'. As a matter of faç', he missed up on some right good fish fries."

This mention of missing some fish fries really impressed the Cherubs. If they did nothing else than attend fish fries these Cherubs would be happy. Heaven would not seem normal to them if they ever missed a single one. The Archangel noticed the effect of his last words, and took up his story again with renewed vigor.

"Yes, suh, Free Joe was really bad off. People began to talk 'bout poor Joe; they all pitied him. Finally one of my fellow Archangels took up de matter wit Gabriel. Now, you all know dat Gabriel is a fav-rite of de Lawd, an' people jus' naturally thought dat everythin' would be fixed up. Gabriel got to like Joe and he went to see de Lawd about it. Gabriel met wit' disappointment dere, 'cause de Lawd was feelin' awful mad wid mankin'. After all He had done for 'em, dose people down on de earth was a goin' to hab a civil war. Oh, it wudden be for quite a while yet, but the Lawd could see dat it was comin', an' He don' like nuthin' less dan dose wars. He heard Joe's case an' de mos' He would do was to let Joe have permission to look down on de earth an' see how Lucindy was gettin' along. Joe was expectin' a little more, but he thanked de Lawd jest de same. He took advantage of de Lawd's decree an' began to look fo' Lucindy on de earth.

"Wid de help of his good fren' Gabriel, he pretty quick foun' where Lucindy was at. She was wukkin' fo' a good kind family in dat great big city of Atlanta. At fust Joe was happy as you younguns is now, but den he come to be miserable all over again. The reason for dat was 'cause he seed right off dat Lucindy was very restless an' troubled. His fren' Gabriel tole him dat de cause of her worryin' was nothin' to get 'cited about. She was worryin' about what had happened to Joe. Dat made Joe happy an' sad, both at de same time.

"Right away he ran an' tole de Lawd what he had seen. De Lawd was feelin' normal again an' he was willin' to help Free Joe. De Lawd den willed it dat Lucindy should have de urge to look fo' Joe. Sure enough, jest as he willed it, Lucindy went an' asked her kin' master if she couldn't have time out to go to look fo' her husband, an' of co'se she got dat permission. Lucindy decided to go back to see 'Ole Spite' in Hillsborough. She hated 'Ole Spite', but he was de only person she knew of who might know where

Joe was. Goin' to see dat man was a mistake, however; 'cause, when he saw her, he got burnin' mad. He wouldn't let her 'splain why she came. He jest took a whip an' beat her somethin' turrible. After knockin' de sense out of her, he threw her off his land. When Joe saw what was goin' on down on earth, he like to have died, although Lucindy was the one who would have cause for dyin'. He went screamin' to de Lawd, but de Lawd could do nothin' fo' him. He 'splained dat 'Ole Spite' was out of his reach, 'cause dat 'little man wid de horns an' tail' was de master of dat cruel rascal. Joe was jest about to go mad when he seed ole Mr. Staley come up an' fin' Lucindy. Lucindy was in pretty bad shape, but she kep' askin' him if he knew where Joe was. Mr. Staley was de man who had found Joe's earth body after de soul had departed from it. He managed to drag Lucindy over to see Joe's grave. At de sudden end of her search, Lucindy's heart jest broke. She felt so much lak' dyin' that she jest naturally did. Up in Hebben here Joe was frantic, an' I do mean frantic. His heart was torn apart. If it would be possible for a man to die twice, Joe would have accomplished dat feat right den an' dere. He was in greater agony than Lucindy, an' nobody hadn't laid a finger on 'im. Joe was feelin' awful sinful. He almost let go a couple of good cuss words, only he didn't know how to cuss. Den all of a sudden, he heard de Lawd callin' him. De Lawd was leadin' a mighty astonished Lucindy to meet him. Why, he was de happiest man in all of Hebben. He had fo'got all 'bout de chance of Lucindy's comin' to Hebben. He had been watchin' de earth so long dat his min' had jest about lef' his body. He an' Lucindy made a grab fo' each other, an' dey jest stood for an hour or two a'laughin' and a'cryin'. Den Gabriel come along an' congratulated dem an' said he got a 'sprise fo' dem. Sho' enough, he had foun' little ole Dan. Dus a'nudder happy family was united in Hebben. I hope dat story will teach you Cherubs somethin'," finished off the old Archangel as he rose from his sitting place to take part in one of his favorite pastimes, a fish fry. He arrived just in time to receive one of the last ten-cent cigars. This fish fry was sort of an anniversary dinner in honor of Joe an' Lucindy; they were two very favorite subjects of "de Lawd." Followed happily by little Dan, they joyfully greeted all their friends, especially Gabriel. Thus, between fish fries and outings, Free Joe, Lucindy, and little Dan spent their well deserved eternal life in Heaven.

Forever

By Margaret Brown

So history repeats itself once more;
The new events that happen day by day
Are only lingering scents and ghost-like play,
Of the same old strife brewed many years before.
The daily slaughter totals up a score
Of millions that we knew. And now I say
That we they left must work and hope and pray
For them eternal peace years o'er and o'er.
Defeated Axis troops flee 'cross the plain,
A thousand bombers laid Cologne in waste,
Jap submarines lie sunk beneath the main,
And Timoshenko has a horde embraced.
Don't cheer too loud these ghosts of former age,
Tomorrow's book may have a sadder page.

The Winds

By Arthur Foussekis

The whistling winds go dashing through the skies,
And they whisk themselves to foreign shores
Through spacious halls of everlasting sighs.
Up high where the eagle never soars,
They dance in the misty moonlit heights
With a jolly host of aerial sprites.

Along the swaying lanes of lisping pines,
To the sifting sands of desert dunes;
Among the lofty mountain laurels and vines,
The breezes sing in merry tunes.
To the winds, the universe is a home
In which they are at freedom to roam.

My Old Mammy

By Virginia Townes

THE servants of today wear proper black uniforms with crisp white aprons, and neat though they may be, I don't believe that they can ever fill the place of the old Southern mammy. The ideal maid in most homes is prim, correct, and though she always remembers the telephone calls and names of visitors, she doesn't really enter into the family life. I feel that my old nurse has had a great effect on me in many ways. So often an old saying, which she used to quote, comes to my mind and reminds me of the ways that she has influenced my life.

Silvia was my old mammy's name. What a dreamy, sophisticated name for the broad-as-she-was-long darky. Big and black, with a smile that would cure any trouble, she had a heart as big as her body, which always had room for the worries of others. Her philosophy of life was something that I have often wished for. No matter what hard luck came along, she never complained. She taught me to take whatever should come in life with a smile, for she believed that everything was for the best in the end.

Silvia came to my family before I was born and stayed with us until we moved away. I can't remember having a visitor who went away without declaring that she was the best hearted negro he had ever seen.

The other day I was struck by a peculiar kind of hunger. The dainty party food which stuffed the ice box had no appeal to my appetite. I felt a sudden urge for a "good mess of greens and cornbread" cooked exactly as Silvia used to fix them. When I was little and ate in the breakfast room with my brother, I'd usually push aside my milk and vegetables and beg for a taste of the spareribs and sourkraut. She had a knack for turning the most everyday dishes into a magnificent feast. I can so easily picture Silvia shaking her head and warning mother, "If'en you don' eat hog's head and black-eyed peas on New Year's Day, bad luck 'gon stick close to yo' heels."

All of her superstitions were faithfully followed, although she was the most conscientious church goer. She nearly had a spasm when mother took my brother to the circus before I was born. I was bound to look like a monkey or an elephant, or whatever animal mother should laugh at most. Silvia swore too that her rabbit's foot was "the lef' hine foot 'offen a plum white rabbit, caught at the stroke of midnight in de grabe ya'd by a one-eyed nigger, sho's I'se born."

Her father had been a slave, and though she was raised by white people, she never had an education. When I started into the second grade, I

used to sit for hours trying to teach her to read from my grammar. Later when I'd given up hope of making a student of her, I read Bible stories out loud by the hours, and in turn she'd tell me the funny yarns of her childhood. After long weeks she learned to tell time. She would study the clock so diligently and say that it was exactly "ten minutes to three-thirty excusing two minutes."

Silvia saved her hard-earned money and then spent it on the children of her good-for-nothing brother. The secretive ways of negroes have always amused me; one incident in particular makes me chuckle. Once I went to get Silvia from her brother's house. I asked a little darky to tell her to come out to the car. Not recognizing me, the child declared she didn't know anyone by Silvia's name. About that time out came the old mammy herself to settle the argument. It seems to be a code among colored people not to disclose information of other negroes to a stranger.

On rainy afternoons I used to go up to Silvia's room to nose about in her belongings. I was always fascinated by the pictures, gaudy souvenirs, and flower pots she kept. Everything that mother had given her was stored in her room. She seemed to take such pride and joy in each tiny possession. One day I felt like crying when I watched her count out the pennies for the crooked looking insurance man. Later she explained that it was for her burial policy. No matter how little she had on earth, she wanted a fancy burial with all the trimmings.

As I began to grow up, Silvia thought it was her personal responsibility to teach me to be very ladylike. She may not have been well educated, but her common sense and high ideals impressed me far more than any set rules. She had a clear, simple way of explaining to me exactly what I should do. Her honest and sincere opinions have stuck by me and helped me beyond any of the lectures of my elders. She nursed me when I was ill, played with me when I was lonely, and waited on me tirelessly as though I were a queen. She never expected anything but love in return for all she did. I did love her as much as anyone in the family, and I know that home would never have been the same without her.

Right after Christmas I received a letter from her, which was written by one of the nieces. The ending particularly touched me. She wrote, "I won't see you on earth no more—if I don't, meet me in heaven where one won't be in Birmingham and the other in Petersburg, and where there won't be no parting."

To me that explains her utter faith in life and the beauty of death. If only there were some way to repay her for all the hours of comfort she has given me. Perhaps if I try to follow her bits of wholesome advice, though she has lived to serve others endlessly, she will have accomplished more than some people in high station.

The Ghost of Amity Hall

By Vee Coberly

IT was a dreadfully dark night, and the merciless rain beat down in torrents. At regular intervals, the clouds would gape, belch forth a volley of lightning, and roll together with a boom capable of waking the dead.

So it was that on this awful night in Amity Hall, the only barroom in the village, a small group of the male citizens were assembled, drinking ale and talking of their crops. In spite of the uneasy feeling that gripped everyone, now and then a jolly laugh would ripple up until it was drowned out by the clashing thunder.

Suddenly there came a deafening clatter from the heavens, and the barroom door swung open. There in the doorway stood a tall, gaunt man with pale white flesh and sunken eyes. His overcoat was pulled up well about his ears, and his hat partly shaded his face. He was an odd-looking creature with penetrating eyes, and there he stood, staring and filling these God-fearing men with awe.

He walked in slowly, and the door slammed behind him. It was a fretful night, yet his clothes weren't even damp. He said not a word, but made his way to a table by a window in the corner of the room.

The laughing and talking at the bar had long since ceased; all eyes were fastened on the eerie intruder as he took a seat facing the window. His long, snowy hair hung heavily on his neck and shoulders as he sat staring into the storm, leaving his back exposed to the curious countrymen.

It was some time before the wavering waiter managed to muster enough courage to approach the decrepit creature. When he did, the stranger said, in a heavy, cracking voice, without interrupting his cruel stare into the storm, "Bring me ice water!"

The waiter said nothing, but he filled the order and glided back into the group of petrified people.

The stranger, loosening his coat about the collar and hollow chest, sighed deeply and pressing the pitcher to his parched lips, drank fiendishly until it was empty.

For an hour he followed that same procedure, and the waiter swears he carried that man fifty pitchers of water.

Then he buttoned his coat and stood erect and faced the puzzled men.

"Has anyone a place where I may sleep tonight? I shall cause no trouble, but arise at dawn to be about my woeful work!"

No one spoke until the weird wanderer pointed out one of the villagers and said, "What about you? Have you a place for me?"

"Well . . . no," came the reply, "We have only one bed and my wife and I sleep in that."

"Bed?" inquired the stranger. "I will sleep in the barn or with the swine; I'm used to that!"

The poor villager had no other choice than to consent, and putting on his overcoat, he agreed to lead the way.

The stranger followed him out into the night and walked just a step behind him all the way. The drenched countryman's curiosity forced him to take a few quick glances back at his uninvited guest. Although he never took a lingering look, he noticed the stranger seemed somewhat contented, as the falling rain appeared to evaporate as it hit his body.

The intruder was given a pile of hay in the barn to sleep on, and the host hastened off to bed.

The next morning the farmer was awakened by the cackling of the barnyard fowl, and the morning sun was quite high. Some strange power led his footsteps to the window facing the barn, and lo! there was the stranger going across the pasture in feeble, hurried steps. His body was a mass of fire, and he burned the ground wherever he stepped.

The villager knew now who the stranger was.

Even Satan in his work craves rest and conversion. And on that stormy night, he came back to escape his torture, from far below the bowels of the earth. It is a law of the supernatural, however, that anyone returning from the world beyond must go back whence he came at dawn. But sleeping in that barn with earthly water pouring in his face—the Devil overslept!

Music

By Mary Holloway

Music, music, everywhere;
Listen, listen here and there,
Hear it in the wind that blows,
Also in the grass that grows,
Music in the rustling trees,
Music in the buzz of bees.

Music made by flute and bell,
Heard in meadow, hill, and dell,
Music in the cow bell's ringing,
Also in the milk maid's singing,
Music made by the murmuring brook
Hidden away in a shady nook.

Music, music, everywhere,
Like a vagabond without a care,
Comes o'er mountain, field, and fair,
Roaming here and everywhere;
All this music offered free
Nature gives to you and me.

Church Bells

By Lillias Plummer

Slowly bells in the chapel
Call the people to pray,
As night begins with darkness,
And twilight ends the day.

Chiming through the stillness,
Calling here and there,
Won't you come and worship,
Come and offer prayer?

Sounding louder, clearer,
Hear each ringing sound;
Now the tolling ceases,
Silence reigns profound.

The Rising Moon

By Edith Sanford

I HAD been walking along the beach and decided to sit on the sand to rest. Since it was growing dark, the water took on a blacker and blacker hue. As I was looking out over the ocean, I saw on the horizon a semi-circle of red which looked like half of a huge red beach ball. It slowly rose from the water forming a complete circle, and as it rose I half expected to see water dripping from the bottom of it so real seemed its resurrection from the ocean. The higher it rose in the sky, the smaller it became and the redness faded into a beautiful gold. As it was rising from the water, it threw a golden path across the waves to the beach. I felt as though I could walk this path and soon find myself sitting on top of this beautiful moon.

I then went on top of the summer house so as to be nearer to this most wonderful lantern that lights the whole world. Soon the moon was so high in the sky that it was like an ordinary moon, round and white, throwing out the light offered by good old Sol.

While I was watching such a beautiful scene, there were pent up within me many mixed feelings, feelings that will remain pent up forever, because they were so mysterious and so inexplicable. The salty air from the ocean filled my lungs and made me strong; yet I was weak, weak from witnessing the beauty and power of God. The breeze from the water was almost cold, but I was warm, feverish, feverish from the excitement that was within me. My very soul seemed to be expanding, to be shouting with joy and happiness. I felt that I wanted to sing and laugh so that all the world might know that I enjoyed witnessing and being part of God's wonderful world.

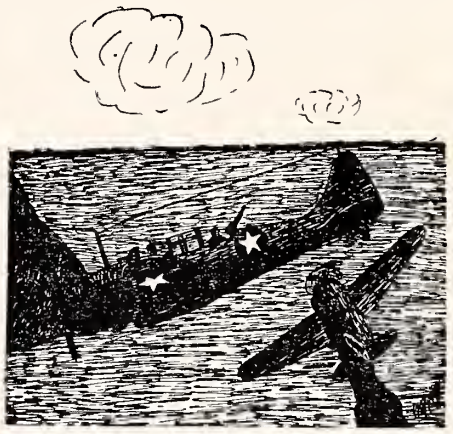
A Piece of Chalk

By Edith Andrews

The piece of chalk that my teacher has
Is like a fairy wand;
It takes our minds into future and past
And into realms beyond.

Metamorphosis

By Virginia Townes



MY NAME is Yohoru Matsu, which is an honorable name, feared by all the enemies of the Rising Sun. I was born in Tokyo, and brought up in an atmosphere of war and growing jealousy of other nations. When I was three I was sent to school where boys were taught the glory of Japan, the honor of our forefathers, the craving for broadening our territories, and the determination to die for what our superior race should have. I learned to read and write and obey orders. Military school was wonderful; I learned to fight with a two-handed sword and got my first taste of blood in combat. It is not boasting when I say that I soon became the best fighter, for all my forefathers had a certain military genius.

I graduated from school with top honors, and my father looked forward to having me in his regiment. However, during the last few years there had developed a new phase in military tactics. This was the Imperial Air Force. Books and older friends rapidly increased my enthusiasm towards this field and I decided to make the air corps my career. I attended the best air school in Japan, the beautiful new base at Haikow. I had no time for pleasure; we Japanese were not bothered with trivial enjoyments, for we had a task to perform. We have always been determined that Japan shall rise up and have the highest ranking place in the universe, because it is a supernation composed of supermen. After a year at Haikow, I was a full-fledged pilot in the Imperial Air Force.

It is impossible to relate all the adventures and dashing exploits of my youth, but a few incidents stand out very clearly. My first assignment was to pilot a bomber in our new war against China. China!—she is rightfully ours, and we are really helping these poor people by taking control of their government and resources. The war with China was exciting and my comrades and I had great fun bombing villages, machine gunning people as they ran through the streets, and destroying the filthy ruins of ancient China.

My next assignment was Pearl Harbor. The whole world knows what this meant. It was the beginning of the rise of Nippon—then the world began to see our might, to appreciate our strength, and to fear our wrath. I'll never know how many Americans we killed at Pearl Harbor, but each of us did our share. It was all so glorious—then.

After Pearl Harbor I was stationed with an expeditionary force in Wake Island. Those devils can fight, even if they weren't Japanese, and we had a hard time pushing them back. After two weeks of fierce struggle, we gained a foothold on the island and established a temporary landing field there.

One morning, as the sun rose through the misty skies, I stood at my window and gazed at the heavens. A surge of hate toward the surrounding beauty formed in my heart. I had always been taught to despise the democracies and their carefree happiness. I felt an urge to destroy all the nations which blocked the way of our empire to fame, world dictatorship, and complete monoply. Hastily I dressed and opened my sealed orders. I joined my comrades without speaking and climbed into my plane. We left the field in formation, then branched off to our separate destinations. I circled over a small town, dropped my bombs as early morning greetings, and headed my plane homeward. A plane dropped from above and instantly I was on guard. My machine gun found the target as I swooped upon the enemy with all my fury. Suddenly a return blast cut through my ship; the plane and I shot downward; I flung myself from the cockpit, counted three and pulled the string; my parachute opened safely and I drifted slowly down to earth. Below I saw my aircraft hurtling from the skies. I noticed that the other plane was out of control as I floated down. There must have been a sickening leer on my face, for I was glad that I had crushed this enemy. I landed on a stony bluff, but was instantly hurled into unconsciousness.

When I opened my eyes from the darkness, I noticed a young American standing beside me. My weapons had been removed. A curse rose to my lips, as I tried to gather my English together—we had been trained in the study of the English language for years for just such emergencies as this.

"Nice fight, don't you think?" the American smiled as he spoke.

"Go on and kill me; I've no defense against you," I growled.

"So you speak English, do you? Why should I kill you? A prisoner of war, naturally, but you must have been hurt to stay so long in that blackout."

My eyes opened wide at this. He doesn't want to kill me; he doesn't want to kill me; the thought ran over and over in my mind. It all seemed

unbelievable. I turned over a little bit, and suddenly a pain shot through my shoulder. "It's my arm and shoulder," I said. Blood streamed down my clothes from the gash on my forehead.

The American pulled out a first-aid kit and bathed my head. In an instant the pain returned and again I went into a state of unconsciousness. When I opened my eyes for the second time, I couldn't remember having seen the surroundings.

"Where am I?" I questioned.

"You're still in the woods," said the young man; "I'm a doctor and I believe I've fixed you up pretty well. Your arm is crushed, which will hold you down for awhile."

"Why are you doing this to me?" I looked at the doctor as I questioned him. His clear blue eyes were fastened on me. "You're my enemy and I hate you. You must hate me. How can you save my life and then take it from me before a firing squad?"

"I don't hate you personally. Your race is trying to take away from my country the freedom of religion and the pursuit of happiness, which is dear enough to me to fight for. You must have a mother and a family who are waiting for you to return. After the war perhaps you can see them again."

I was too astonished to speak. I thought of my reaction if I had been in his place; how differently the two of us were acting.

"You don't know what happiness is," the doctor continued, and his voice had such a kind yet positive tone that I was unable to speak. He held my attention closely as he spoke. "In America we live and love to the most minute inch of our duration on earth; we breathe air that is free, worship a God that is real, enjoy beauty for its enrichment of our lives, and rest in sleep that is peaceful. I love my home, my friends, the God that loves us, and I'll fight my hardest to keep our way of life. God gives us the beauty that is around you; flowers, blue skies, clean hearts, strength, and health are all a part of it. You, with your hate and wild desires, cannot ever hope to wipe out our beauty of life. It has been embedded too deeply in our hearts to be wiped out by your evil."

I was taken to a hospital in a prison camp. I cannot live, but before I die I wish to write this message to you in Japan: You have not had a chance to find your place in the world, because you were too wrapped up in hate. I know that I have been fighting on the wrong side. It is not a war between the United States and Japan, but a war between democracy and dictatorship. If Japan is going to become a great nation, let her do it through the search for world happiness, kindness, and goodwill toward all men.

This is my message to you, and if I have shown you the light of Heaven, then perhaps the true God will forgive me for being blind to His love through the years. If I have made you see that hate can never conquer love, that crime and destruction can never destroy the love of beauty in the hearts of men, then I have not died in vain.

Sadness

By Claude Patram

The leaves of autumn falling on the ground
With colors brown and gold and red to fall
And lie forever still beneath the white
Of winter's soft and snowy bed: to me
They seem to be remembrances of death,
Of soldiers dying on the battlefield,
The blood of heroes flowing from their chests,
Their bodies buried under battered earth,
A roughened cross their only monument.
The leaves will be forgotten soon, and some
Forget the soldier who gave up his life
That men of every race shall still be free.
The leaves continue falling ever more
In winter when the wind begins to blow
So fierce across the barren countryside.
A breath of snow is in the air, and birds
Are shivering on branches bare and brown.
And still a touch of sadness comes to me,
But peace shall come to all the world. Then I
Shall watch rejoicing the returning leaves.

Canoe Trip

By Marian Allen

"BARRY" will take a small group of juniors on an overnight canoe trip. The party will leave from the canoe docks about two hours after lunch."

Dr. "Ann" had just finished giving the schedule for the day to the girls at a lodge in New Hampshire.

I soon recovered from the shock of actually going on my first canoe trip and a few hours later decided to start fixing my pack. Upon inquiry I discovered that the first step was to find a large poncho, which was really nothing more than a rubber sheet with a slit about a foot long in the center and large snaps down two sides. While returning to my tent, I stuck my head through the slit, quickly snapped the sides together, and found myself walking in the blazing sun in a raincoat which was exceedingly baggy with unusually straight lines. Back in front of my tent, I asked one of the other girls to help me roll my equipment and tie it up. After quite a struggle, we finished the job and stood off to admire our work of art. It looked terrible! Grabbing one of the ropes which secured it, I began to drag the barrel-shaped object towards the docks and left it there with the others.

After lunch we scrambled into our canoes and to "Barry's" continuous shout of "Pull, pull, pull," we obediently "pulled" ourselves down the lake. Toward evening, as we neared the small island on which we intended to set up our camp, I dozed off only to be rudely awakened, feeling as if I had been suddenly enveloped in icy water. Coming to my senses, I realized that in some way I had fallen out of the canoe. Panic seized me. I sputtered and splashed and slapped at the water with all my might. Everyone in the boat was laughing and yelling at me. "Barry" held an oar out to me which I finally managed to grab. With the help of another girl she pulled me into the boat without capsizing it. I was hurried to the island and bundled in several blankets. As we sat around the blazing campfire, sipping delicious, burnt cocoa, and singing at the top of our lungs, my unexpected dip was soon forgotten. Well, nearly.

When we returned the next morning, no one was told why I had been suddenly confined to the infirmary with a severe cold, but I knew.

Life

By Herman Doyle

The song of the birds, the roar of the storm,
The winter's snow, a day in June,
The clash of thunder, the still of night,
The burning sun, the August moon,
All these sights in this world of strife—
To know these things is to know of life.

The waves of the sea, the starlit sky,
The towering mountains, the lofty slopes,
The men of the nation prepared in arms,
And anxious to fight with their swelling hopes;
Many to die by the war god's knife—
To know these things is to know of life.

The winds rolling masses to the shores,
The rain beating down from the clouds of grey,
The stars lighting heaven with cold, bright lights,
Our armed forced standing in straight array,
The soldier leaving his country and wife—
To know these things is to know of life.

The Brook

By Anne Talmage

At first it's just a little spring
That bubbles up from 'neath the ground,
And then it starts its journey 'round
The peaceful country side. Birds sing

As o'er the babbling brook they build
Their nests in lacy willow trees;
While both pour out their melodies
The air with music sweet is filled.

So on and on in rippling streams
It trickles over rocks and falls,
Seeming to heed the becks and calls
Of some far distant land of dreams.

To The Light

By Wilma Lum

"There's a little brown road
Windin' over the hill
To a little white cot by the sea."

A VOICE singing in the twilight, and suddenly I was no longer safe and secure in my own little haven of love and peace. I had no more the blessed knowledge that I was beloved and cared for. I was back in that world of terror and fear.

A voice had been singing in that world, too, singing that very song in the midst of all my terror. I had rejoiced in that fact as my recognition of it proved to me, at least, that I had not given away entirely to stark insanity.

Once more I was back in that little cottage, my fortress against the world, the cottage that once to me had stood for all the happiness one could have in this life, but later for all the misery. Once more I was staring at what I hoped fervently was a ghastly apparition, but knew in my heart wasn't. Once more I was in the midst of what I hoped was a nightmare, but knew my hopes were in vain. Once more I stood staring at a bloody, crumpled heap at my feet—the heap that had been my mother. Once more my world was crumbling and tumbling down into a mass of wreckage at my feet. Once more I stood accused by many voices, all saying the same thing: saying, "You are a murderess, Nora Sandley. You coldbloodedly murdered your own mother!"—saying it with a shudder in their voices.

Once more I was fleeing, fleeing from the horrible accusation that I, I, had killed the one who was even dearer to me than my own life. Once more I was falling, falling into a yawning, black abyss.

A new day was dawning in the east when I awoke in an unfamiliar bed in a strange room. A new life was dawning for me, for I was like a newborn babe in one respect, I had no memory, nor had I a name. A young man, who seemed to be a doctor, was bending over me. A hospital! I must be in a hospital! Why was I there? I didn't know.

"Well, well; so you're finally awake," the young doctor's pleasant voice fell on my puzzled ears.

"Where am I? What am I doing here?" My questions poured out on the tide of my bewilderment.

"Now, don't you worry yourself about anything," he spoke soothingly.

"But you don't understand," I protested desperately. "I don't know who I am; I can't even remember my own name!"

"It'll all come back in time," he reassured me firmly. "Accidents often cause temporary amnesia."

(I had had an accident, then!)

His words had comforted me so that I found myself drifting back into the land of sleep.

But his hopes and mine were given a sharp disappointment. I did not recover my memory! Mine was no temporary case of amnesia!

Time wore on, and one early spring day I was sitting in his office, for he was practicing then, and he was talking to me in his warm, calm voice. He was so warmly human and such a philosopher in spite of his youth. Although brilliant, David was never dry or dull, but always warm and friendly. As he talked to me, his expression was one of the kindest I have ever seen.

"But, Nell," he admonished me, "you mustn't feel like that. You still have a future to live for. You must face the fact that you no longer have a past, and rise above that fact. Don't let it conquer you."

"You just can't understand how I do feel," I said. "You call me 'Nell Smith'. Why? I'll tell you. Simply because my handkerchief had the initials 'N. S.' on it. I'm a person without even a name. I may have been anybody: a shop girl, an actress, a lady of leisure, a common thief, a girl of the streets."

"Use your common sense, girl; you're too well educated to be either a common thief or a girl of the streets or anything else like that if that's what's bothering you. You've just got to learn to face facts. I sometimes think your loss of memory resulted from something you couldn't or wouldn't face."

"Don't bother with me. I'm not worth your time," I cried from the depths of my despair.

"Can't you see I only want to help you because I love you so very much?" His voice was a plea.

"Please, oh, please, stop being cruel by being kind! You can't be in love with me. You don't know me. I don't even know myself." My voice rose in my anguish.

"Oh, but I do know you, and much better than you think. Can't you ever give me hope?" he pleaded.

"You know you have far more than that."

Spring blossomed and our love with it. David taught me to face a life

without a past and look to the future that was bright with promise, and we were wed. I was Mrs. David Mallory. I had a name again.

But now, now I am no longer the wife of the town's most respected doctor; I am again Nora Sandley, accused of murder. Must I go back? I am innocent. Why should I be forced to lose everything I love once again? I can go on here pretending still to be a person without a past, or I can go back and face what I once fled from long ago. One thing especially my life with David has taught me. "You gain nothing by running away from it." He taught me to face a future without a past. Now I must face that past without him to help me.

The train is going so very fast, the train taking me back to my past. I am all alone going to my trial. David is not with me, although he wanted to come. This is Nora's trial, not Mrs. Mallory's.

* * * *

"Mr. Commissioner, I'm Nora Sandley. I've come back to stand trial for my mother's murder. I've had amnesia from an accident which occurred during my flight."

"Well, Miss Sandley, I'm glad to tell you that there will be no trial. You see, after you had flown, we found a note. Your mother was not murdered. She committed suicide because she had a cancer, and she couldn't face life that was a slow death."

The Circus

By Marian Allen

Friday has come and the circus is here;
Children are streaming from far and from near,
Raising their voices in one hearty cheer.
Bands start to play when the big moment comes,
Elephants stepping in time with the drums.

Beautiful ladies in fluffy white gowns
Ride on the horses and joke with the clowns,
Dancing so spry to the musical sounds.
There is a dog that a monkey can ride,
Cages with lions and tigers inside.

It's time for the acrobats now to appear;
Everyone watches them, eyes filled with fear,
Swinging so easily high in the air.
Yes, we are happy, from old folk on down,
The day that the circus is brought back to town.

Two Gifts

By Virginia Townes

Huddled close to the theater door,
Stands on old beggar so wretchedly poor.
Day in and out in the same old place,
Pleadingly turns to each new face.
Cane and cup show he is blind.
"God bless you all who are kind."

Ann, so well gowned in furs and lace,
Passes the beggar's sweet smiling face,
Draws a dollar from her full purse,
Mumbling, "Beggars, a wretched curse."
Proudly she hurries stiffly by,
Shaking her head with a pitying sigh.

Next it is Mary who comes along,
Showing her joy in a cheerful song.
"Good-morning, friend," she stops to say.
Only a penny she gives away,
But a ray of sunshine cheers his heart,
Giving his day a bright new start.

Rising, the beggar trudges away,
Clutching his earnings of today,
Humming a tune in the drizzling rain;
Something made his day not in vain.
Which gift was given purely with love?
God smiles on which girl from above?

Joseph Cotten, Actor

By Edith Sanford

THE students and faculty of Petersburg High School have been watching the rise to success of Joseph Cotten, a former student of this school. The school feels a kind of motherly pride towards Joe, for it was here that the beginning of the realization of Joe's ambition took place. He took one of the leading parts in a class play production of "Pomander Walk" coached by Miss Sarah Royall, who was a member of the faculty at that time.

Joseph Cotten's first outstanding performance was in the Broadway production of "Philadelphia Story" in which he played opposite Kathrine Hepburn.

Orson Welles had previously recognized the brilliant talent of Joseph Cotten, and he included Mr. Cotten as a member of the Mercury Theater. Mr. Cotten attributes the beginning of his achievements to the unusual radio program presented by Mr. Welles several years ago. The radio public will probably never forget the program on which Mr. Welles announced that men from Mars were descending to the earth. This program brought Mr. Welles before the American public, and in turn, Mr. Welles brought Joseph Cotten before the public.

"Citizen Kane," the outstanding picture which was written, directed, and produced by Orson Welles, brought Joseph Cotten to the screen for the first time. Since this performance Mr. Cotten has made a number of pictures in which he has shown outstanding ability as an actor.

Virginia Townes, a member of the Missile staff, wrote to Mr. Cotten asking for his secret of success. The following letter is his reply.

1425 Monaco Dr.
Pacific Palisades, Calif.
March 22, 1943.

Dear Miss Townes,

Why certainly I remember "The Missile." I used to collect jokes for it when Miss . Katherine Hatchett was editor-in-chief.

I wish you'd asked me an easier question, but the one about how to attain success is really a puzzler. I could say all of the obvious things to you, things about hard work and determination and willingness. But I suspect you probably have heard all these words before. There is one thing, however, that I would like to say, and that has to do with the relation between ambition and success. Real ambition

does not have anything to do with success, because true ambition is really an urge felt always to perfect oneself in some field or other—and perfecting oneself is a never-ending job. "Success" implies that a person regards himself as having reached the ultimate goal in whatever he may want to do, while ambition never relaxes in trying to do something better. Whenever a person comes to regard himself as successful, he has lost the best thing that life can give him. We should never say: "Since I've accomplished this, I must be a success." Even thinking such nonsense means that you've done the best you can ever do, and there are very few people in the world who can truthfully say that. It is one thing to feel satisfaction in knowing that you are on the right track, but it is something very different ever to look on yourself as having reached final "success" in a career.

Under separate cover I am sending the picture you requested.

Sincerely,
Joseph Cotten.

Metaphors

By Anne Hinton

Fleecy clouds climbing high,
Billowing clouds like the canvases
Of an old gray ghostly galleon;
The earth like the ship's deck.
Clouds, the sails of our mortal cruise.

Fragrant scents of flowering shrubs
Casting a spell weaving witchery
Fully filling the warm night air,
A fascinating and captivating mystery;
Night spinning a mantle of sensations.

Clear and calm after the rain,
The Monday of Mother Nature's
Washday; night hangs out
Its freshly washed party dress
Serenely sparkling and blazing away.

On a Naughty Canine

By Mabbot Perkins

DOGS, dogs, and more dogs—black ones, white ones, tall, small, thin and fat. My dreams rotate on said items and the sound of a seven o'clock alarm, jolts me from my nightmares. I painfully swing my body onto the floor and with one eye half-opened, begin to pull on my clothes.

"Good heavens," I exclaim, and with both eyes quite open view my once white blouse. Dear little paw marks, black little paw marks all over my clean shirtwaist so painfully and immaculately pressed.

Could anyone human resist to choke such a culprit? The trouble is that the culprit is such an adorable one with white fluffy fur, a Christmas present which I call "Chi Chi" after the heroine of a certain soap opera.

More like a mischievous child of three than merely a dumb animal, she is quite a character if it were possible to characterize a dog.

She has great fun making me chase her and leads me in confusing circles around the back yard which leaves me quite exhausted, disgusted and mad.

Especially does she delight in bringing her gnawed-on bones into the living room and depositing them at the preacher's feet. Then, to show off, she jumps all over the new slip covers and tangles her charming self in knitting wool which brings to mind one certain unhappy event in my life.

One day, having come home from school, and content with all my fellow beings, I was called upon by mother to return some magazines to elderly Mrs. Clayton; and would I please take Chi Chi along for an airing. Protesting violently, I had to give in to mother's better judgment, and soon was ushering the nuisance (to me) and darling of the family, out into the sunny atmosphere.

Not content to walk with me, she decided that barking at moving bicycles was indeed a delightful experience. When, at last, I had succeeded in flying through the streets to catch her, I stood breathless before the house of Mrs. Clayton.

"Oh, there you are, my dear." I turned and saw her walking from around the back, a knitting bag slung over one arm and garden shears in a hand.

"Your mother called and said you were coming to see me. Oh, what an adorable puppy," she exclaimed.

"Thank you," I replied.

Sitting on the steps, she pulled out her knitting, and began talking and blabbering like a jaybird. Bored with the endless chatter of this prissy, scatterbrained woman, I felt like screaming—in fact, I did scream, "Chi Chi." In a confused heap of fur and white wool, I recognized the demon. Mrs. Clayton was quite infuriated at such an outrage and dared to utter some sort of blasphemy at which I suppressed a giggle. In embarrassed haste, I apologized and hurried my petite prodigy homeward.

One of her most recent contemptible pastimes is to jump into my lap while I am eating and snitch food right out of my plate. So I punish her by administering soap and water which takes away all of her conceit and vanity, leaving a state of a wet, skinny rat.

As MacKinlay Kantor sums it up, "There are certain dogs—good and bad—these are one—man dogs, and dogs whose affections are only described by the limits of the population itself." Sometimes I wonder at that word affection applying to the monstrosity that I own.

The Death of Day

By Martha Wells

The breeze is softly calling through the trees,
And faint sounds echo down the valley deep.
I see the distant sheep in pastures green
And hear the swallow's answering call on high.

The gently waving fields of golden grain
Are shining still as Sol declines his head,
And dusk begins to weave its veil on earth,
And calm is nigh where peace alone is king.

The moon in silvery splendor rides the sky,
And twinkling starry hosts are flashing boldly.
The lights from yonder homes are present there,
And lo, the black of night has come again.

Lilt of Laughter

Hopeless

By Iris Dunnavant

I opened the door to an anapest meter,
The first time I've seen her and don't want to greet her;
Tho' she seems to be gay she means trouble to me,
For I'll have to write a gay poem and see
It just has me baffled and I'm up a tree.

Now Shelley was versed and knew what to write
To make a good poem read gay and quite light,
And Browning could handle dear Anna Pest;
Like a glove it just fitted their laughter and jest,
But to me it seems worse than at first I had guessed.

For the meter won't fit and the words will not rhyme,
So I write, then erase, and so waste some good time,
For you see I have come to this timely conclusion
That a poem by me is a broken illusion.
But I hope this will pass without too much confusion.

Glamour Gal

By Freddie Ide

The fastest thing I know of is my pretty Nellie May.
I happened then to notice her, just the other day:
She's meaner than a German, quicker than a Jap,
And in all our years together I've never seen her nap.

I care for her, like precious treasure, in weather fair or foul;
Become have I attached to her, so that my heart does growl
At masters from a foreign race, to guide my Nellie May;
For never shall I miss her, for I'd bear it but a day.

Now she's growing old and dim, her heart beats like a charm,
She creaks and groans in feeble tones at every slight alarm.
Now I fear, the end is near, I trust to lady luck,
She'll get me there and bring me back, my dear old
faithful truck.

The Maid

By Betty Scherr

My mother's maid creeps in at nine,
Her newspaper studied line by line;
Next her coffee, eggs, and toast,
A breakfast of which a queen might boast.

Drowsily she yawns and stretches,
Dust pan, mop she slowly fetches.
A lick, a promise she gives the faces,
Skipping all the obscure places.

The only time some pep she shows,
Is when it's six, and then she goes.
My mother is tired of trifling aid,
And she prefers to be the maid.

A Bee Beau

By Nancy Gill

A barefoot, blissful, bonny bee,
A brilliant, brunette, brawny blade,
Is bounding briskly down the bough
To bluebells bouncing in the shade.

Here by the bubbling, buoyant brook,
Betwixt the buttercups in a row,
A blushing, buxom belle awaits
Her bashful, beaming, buzzing beau.

The Brown Box

By Alvin Cohen

THE limp form of a man lying on the beach seemed to mar the beauty of the clean, white sand. The possessor of this wretched body was a man of thirty and some years, although the look of pain and horror on his countenance made him look a great deal older. His coarse brown hair lay disheveled on the sand. His skin had been turned to a dark tan by the heat of the sun. In his right hand was a small brown box, which he seemed to be holding tightly for fear of its being lost.

A dirty white shirt lay open at the neck and the sleeves were rolled up above his elbows. A sharp knife was sticking out of a black leather belt extending around his waist. His trousers were torn and dirty, and a long slit in the left trouser leg revealed a bloody, torn bandage, made from his undershirt and fastened just below his knee. His feet were bare and battered.

For a moment the eyelids fluttered; then the eyes opened. A few seconds passed. The man raised himself painfully to his feet. He searched frantically around him. Then his eyes rested on the small box in his hand and he uttered a sigh of relief. He opened the box slightly, looked in, and quickly slammed it shut, satisfied that its contents were still safe.

Pleased with this fact, the man now began an exploration of his new habitat. His wounded leg slowed his progress considerably, but nevertheless he managed to cover an unusually long distance before stopping to rest a while. He sat down on the hot sand, being exceedingly careful to retain his tight grasp on the brown box he was holding in his hand.

He rested for several minutes. Then clutching the little brown box more tightly than ever, he resumed his search of this barren piece of land. His steps this time were slower and less steady than before, for the hot rays of the sun were beginning to tell on the man. He staggered dizzily ahead, as if by instinct only, his free hand groping at a parched throat, his

eyes wide and watery, but still with the same tight grip on the little box.

Suddenly he stopped short and fell to his knees. Here, before him, was a great circular pit in the ground, about eight or ten feet in diameter and seemingly endless in depth. He tried to look down to its bottom, but saw nothing; he dropped a stone, which he found nearby, and listened, but he heard nothing.

For a short while he pondered over the pit; then slowly he stood up again. A noise behind him startled him. The man turned, his mouth gaping at what he saw or thought he saw. He tottered perilously on the brink of the pit for several anxious moments; then he fell backwards, and still clutching the mysterious little box, he disappeared into the depths of the yawning crater.

Sounds

By Dorothy Sholes

Have you ever stopped to listen
To the noises on the street,
To the talking, whispering, laughing
And the patter of many feet?

Or, perchance, you've paused and listened
To the pealing of church bells,
To the sweet and glorious message
That from the belfry swells.

And perhaps you stopped to notice
The falling of the rain,
And to hear its merry rhythm
As it falls upon the pane.

Thus each noise to our ears now sings,
"Life is made of little things."

"On The Air"

By James Ricketts

"RINSO white, Rinso white, happy little wash day soap." This bit of nonsense sung by a chorus of high pitched feminine voices is perhaps heard by 10,000,000 American radio listeners and 9,999,999 feel the urge to pick up an ash tray or similar object and hurl it at the radio. The ten millionth person is of course the author of the rhyme. It seems that I am one of 10,000,000 radio listeners who hear this song daily, and almost daily the urge to toss something at the radio grips me.

Too many times have I turned on my radio with the expectation of hearing the strains of "Bounce Me Brother with a Solid Four" and heard instead, "This program comes to you by courtesy of Kelley's Krispy Krackles made from 100% pure crushed corn. Just tear the top off your corner grocery store and send together with ten cents to Kelley's Krispy Krackle Company, Box 12, Kelley's Corner, Minnesota." Turn the dial a bit and I hear, "Peter Platt's Pink Pills, purposely packaged for pale people with puny palpitations of the pulsatory pericardium."

Of course all commercials do not make as much sense as the preceding examples; for instance, "Modern design makes the big difference, on land, da-da-da—da-da—da, in the air, aw-r-aw-r—zoom, and on the sea, be-woop, be-woop, be-woop." Of course this sort of thing attracts attention and makes the radio listeners wonder. They wonder what in the world the product advertised in these queer creations can be like if they are to be judged by the nonsensical advertisement they receive.

Then there is the housewives' great favorite such as, "Mary's First Love", "Dr. Malone", and other touching tales of true life. There are two reasons these sob stories are broadcast. First, the men who are the most rabid radio fans, are at work and these programs cost only a little to stage. Second, they are broadcast in order to keep gossiping women occupied for part of the day. The second reason is purely my opinion and I doubt the sponsors had my view in mind.

Of course these commercials do not take up all the time, but in between them we can hear brief snatches of melodrama. The father of all the musical ditties is:

"Pepsi-Cola hits the spot,
Twelve full ounces, that's a lot,
Twice as much for a nickel too,
Pepsi-Cola is the drink for you,

Nickel, nickel, nickel, nickel,
Trickle, trickle, trickle, trickle,
Do-dot—di-dot!"

The author of this epistle probably sat up all night racking his brain, and look at the results.

When Junior comes bouncing home from school in the afternoon he rushes in, turns on the radio, and heaves a sigh of relief. With great gusto he says, "Wow! I almost missed 'The Lone Ranger'." From four o'clock in the afternoon until six o'clock Junior flops all over the best chair listening to Jack Armstrong, Orphan Annie and other "corn" operas. At six in the evening father comes home and wants to hear the news. From then till ten o'clock dad sits contentedly by the radio listening to the best radio broadcasts, which are of course saved until he gets home before being broadcast.

The Gale

By Nancy Kauffman

I woke with the wail of the wind
As it raged and seethed through the trees,
Like the surge of the surf on the rocks,
And I shuddered with fear at the breeze.
It rose and fell like the rages
That are wont the strong man to seize.

The trees they scratched at the glass,
And whined and moaned and sighed
Like a dog left out in the cold
That cries inside to abide.
The gale, its fury spent,
Gave a lengthy blast and died.

An Officer Is Born

By Charlotte Scherr

I AM what one would call a ninety-day wonder, but call it what he will, I went through hell to get these shiny gold bars. I was in such a whirl that I forgot whether my eyes were in front or in back of my head. I found little time to write mom and dad; however, I did find it, and if an O. C. S. boy has time to write home, any boy from any branch of the service has. Those over-night bivouacs were no boy scout picnics. There were many nights when I longed to go into town, to get away from everything connected with army life, but I had to stay in camp with my nose in a book.

Now I stand admiring myself in the mirror. "By golly! I am the best looking officer in the United States Army." I guess I will go into town tonight and enjoy the pleasure of the enlisted men saluting me. It is a pleasure to receive this respect when only yesterday I had to peel potatoes. This new uniform beats any of the zoot suits I had in civilian life. I used to have to follow the girls; however, I think there is a regiment of WAACS following me now.

* * * *

But all that is a thing of the past, for I am no more a glamorous officer in handsome clothes, having my eggs, if I wish, scrambled or fried. Now I am damn glad if I can get an egg, and as for the handsome clothes —why, I look like something that had its ears knocked off. However, it's the other way around, because I've been doing some knocking off myself. Instead of the enlisted men saluting me, I've been giving them some salutes. They are one grand bunch, and that is why I am afraid, for tomorrow I am leading a company on an attack which the Captain has so cleverly mapped out. The full responsibility is on me, and I must not be a failure.

It is impossible to sleep these twenty-four hours that the Captain has given our regiment before going into action. Suppose I fail, and all my men are killed. My God! I have never had a real worry until this moment.

At last we have made all preparations. Here comes Private Jones. He is calling me. I must see what he wants.

"Lieutenant, I would like for you to read this letter. I have just finished it for my mother. It's in case I don't come back. You see, I had a chance to finish college, but I felt I could do no other job until I had completed this one. Well, you see, mother couldn't see it my way, but maybe this will cheer her up, just in case."

The letter reads:

Dear Mother,

We were sleeping out of doors last night, and I wasn't very tired. I looked up into the sky full of stars, but I could see only two that were placed close together. They reminded me of your bright, wise eyes. They were smiling at me and saying, "Son, now I know how you feel." It was so real that I could hear you. I know God must have arranged the stars for me that night. A heavy load is off my mind now, because I just know you understand. You told me always to do the right thing, and I would never regret it. Well, mother dear, I don't think I'll have anything to regret.

Love, Dave.

Although I am only twenty-eight, I feel like an old man talking to this young private. I was deeply impressed after reading his letter. "That's the spirit, son."

We are off now, marching to our destination. The men are full of pep and vigor. It's raining, but it will take a hell of a lot more than rain to dampen the morale of these soldiers.

A Dream and a Prayer

By Lucille Maile

Down in the meadow oh! so green,
The cattle graze and all is serene;
The birds sing their song as they fly on high,
And the clouds go lazily drifting by.

The flowers of spring nod their heads in the breeze,
To welcome the hum of the honey bees;
The brown rabbit shows his cotton tail
At the cheery sound of a fluttering quail.

As the babbling brook flows on to the sea,
It brings treasured memories back to me
Of a loved one who sailed so far away.
Dear God, send him back to me some day.

The Giant

By David Lewis

THOUGH his ideals may be read in his face, this man's greatness lies in his spirit. His hair is black, or brown, or blond. His forehead is broad and stern. On occasion the eyes of this man are like cold steel. They are not angry eyes, but they can be. They don't ask for quarter; they often ask for vengeance. They seem to be lights supported by a great rock, his chin. The Rock of Gibraltar "has nothing on" that chin. It's square and strong, a symbol of the spirit beneath it. It has received many blows, and weathered them. It will take many more such blows, and it will still jut out with a defiant gleam in its "supported lights." Sometimes his chin droops to his shoulders; only for an instant though. Those massive muscles, built by toil and sweat, bear him up in crucial moments. They give added strength to his brawny arms in time of duty. He wields his weapon like a demon, be it spade, plough, rifle, or cannon. His indomitable spirit urges him on.

That spirit was young in '76. It was growing at the "Alamo." It reigned supreme against the Spaniard. It marched triumphant against the "Hun." At the peak of its power, however, it went to sleep. It had a hard time awakening, but it's up and roaring now. The body it supported was weak and soft at first. Complacency had done its work. The foundation the body had been built upon, however, soon showed its worth. Today this man is back in shape. Once again, he has come through when needed. He is the soldier, sailor, or marine; he is the laborer; he is the farmer; he is the white collar worker; he is America and the great democracy it stands for.

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